

ASS RAMMERS
OF THE
KINKYDROME



J. Manque

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Kinkydrome**

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Where they burn books, ultimately they burn bodies- Heinrich Heine

Ass Rammers of the Kinkydrome

The Kinkydrome can be an eerie place when it's deserted at night. Built on Candlestick Point in San Francisco on the site of the old ball park in the Year of our Lord 2072, it was once the largest live sex show venue on the west coast, seating 7000 in weather-tight comfort on that notoriously windy spit of land. For decades it echoed with the cheers of shrieking fans and the rumble of their feet stomping on its hollow floors,

but it's fallen on hard times and tonight's gate was less than 300.

With peeling paint and cracked concrete it's a shadow of its former glory. Wind moans through the cavernous structure, and water drips slowly somewhere in the distance. With nothing but the dim ghost light glowing on the murky stage, and only half the house lights lit, your imagination can begin to get the better of you, so a down on her luck cleaner, a former Kinkydrome star now too old and too chunky for the spotlight, mops the sticky floors and listens intently to an argument echoing out of the labyrinth of corridors behind the stage.

In the only lit dressing room a sweaty Alex 'The Android' Rimmen rips at the buckles of his skintight pleated leather costume that covers neither his genitals nor buttocks. His eyes flash every time he glances at his agent, Wilbur Delvecchio, a greasy haired dumpling of a man in an ill fitting pinstriped suit. He's perched on a worn stool, his head buried in a Racing Form.

"Did you see? Were you out there? It was dead! The loudest sound of the night was the lid coming off of the lubricant bucket!" Alex screams.

"I heard a cough," Wilbur tells him without looking up from his Form.

"I can't take it anymore. I mean it. I'm done. This

was my last show. I'm out of the ass ramming business!"

Wilbur looks up from his paper. He's heard this before, a hundred times, and usually writes it off as post show tension, but this time there's something in Alex's voice that makes him know he's serious.

"Kid, your father was an Ass Rammer. Your grandfather was an Ass Rammer. Your great-grandfather was a Rabbi, but he dreamed of being an Ass Rammer. They were all damn good. They were all legends. But you, you have more ass ramming talent than any man I've ever seen," Wilbur says, "and I've been to Houston," he adds solemnly.

"If I can't draw a crowd then who cares if I'm the world's best Ass Rammer?" Alex screams, his voice cracking with emotion.

"Please, you owe it to your fans," Wilbur says, "even if only one transgender fat chick comes out to see your show you owe it to him-her, your public, to put on the best damn show you possibly can. God gave you that body, that talent. You stand at the pinnacle of creation and culture. Would you throw it all away because your gate's been going down every week for the last five years?" He's now genuinely concerned he might lose his biggest client.

"I don't care. I'm done. I'm out. I'm never coming

back to the Kinkydrome.”

“But Alex, you’re a machine,” Wilbur tells him.

“And that’s another thing, with all these new ass ramming machines nobody wants to pay to see the real thing anymore,” Alex says. He hangs his head. “Word on the street is Steven the Forth is personally introducing the iRammer at next year’s MacWorld. The Kinkydrome is history.” Alex’s costume sounds like a plastic bag being pulled from a muddy road as he peels it from his spa softened skin.

“But what will you do?” Wilbur says, trying to contain his anger. “You haven’t saved a cent and you’ve got no other skills. Ass ramming is your life.”

“I’m going to write poetry,” Alex states, finally naked. He tosses his sweaty costume into the corner, adding to a pungent pile of six others that haven’t been taken to the leather cleaners in a week.

“Poetry?” Wilbur laughs. “Poetry about what?”

Alex looks at him in disbelief. “Ass ramming, what else?”

Wilbur’s taken aback. He thinks for a moment then says, “Yeah... sure. I could sell that. Look me up when you’ve got something for the publishers.” His eyes drop to his Racing Form again as he walks into the dark hallway with a pronounced limp, the result of a decades old ass ramming accident at the Ramming Academy

from when he, too, had dreams of being a star. “Naked Poet in the third, it has to be a sign,” he mumbles to himself.

30 seconds later Alex sticks his head out the dressing room door. “Where are my clothes?” he shouts over the wind’s low moan.

“Kid, you came here naked. Don’t you remember?” Wilbur tells him, then continues his slow egress.

“No, no I don’t,” says Alex.

And so, with no clothing, no pen and no paper, young Alex Rimmen climbs into the Kinkydrome’s nosebleed seats, and looking upon the dark empty stage below, he dips his finger into his lube bucket, which doesn’t smell quite right, its gooey contents probably beginning to turn, and starts to write his poetry on the back of the seat in front of him. He doesn’t yet know it, but what he does is a holy thing. As his great-grandfather would have delighted in telling him if he hadn’t been dead lo these many years, what he’s doing may be a mess that will leave the long suffering cleaner exasperated, hopeless, and ready to vomit, but long before them God also created with the word, not with ass ramming, and not with a mop.

The end

Author's note: I do apologize to anyone who read this thinking they were getting the hardest of the hardcore, but I hope 'Kinkydrome' in the title gave you a clue that there might be less here than meets the eye-my little joke employing film noir devices common to stories about the washed up boxer, actor, singer, etc., whose dreams will never bear fruit. And like those wonderful and entirely predictable films, I hope there may be a seed of truth ready to sprout under the warm manure of cliches- sorry.

It was inspired by a conversation on a Fetlife forum about the rather 'enthusiastic' names some publishers give their eBook erotica. With the portable electronic eBook still somewhat of a novelty as this is written, many people want a demonstration when they see one. One Fetlife user was worried someone would notice the kinky titles she had on hers, titles which can't be edited and can't be hidden on her machine. I came back with a

comment, something like, 'It's hard to play innocent when the first book listed on your Kindle is 'Ass Rammers of the Kinkydrome.' It was a title too good to pass up- way too good. Five minutes later luckless Wilbur Delvecchio found himself being scorned by his talented young star for the last time.

I do have more serious works available, both more erotic and more dramatic. Please see my [other stories](#).

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All characters in it are fictional. Their thoughts, actions, and interactions with each other and the world are fictional. Any similarity between them and any actual person, living or deceased, is entirely coincidental.

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Other Stories by J. Manque

Serious erotica-

Vishnu in Bluejeans- Lana, a graphic designer who works way too much, teaches her new boyfriend about yoga, motorcycles, bondage, discipline, dildos, and life- in that order, during one long lunch break, though for some reason they don't actually have time for lunch.

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his first role lands him in bondage under one of the world's premiere dominatrices. She has a penchant for water sports and puts on an unbelievable 4th of July extravaganza for the former colonists. Readers with a little patience won't be disappointed. Like a symphony this one starts quietly and builds to a crescendo.

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Valentine's Gift- A woman sets up a meeting between her former master and her virgin niece on Valentine's Day. Though hesitant because of their age difference, he takes on the task of deflowering her in every way imaginable in the city's finest hotel before morning. Though she's the one tied and ravished, by morning it's not clear who's enslaving whom.

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Gift of the Krampus- A woman is separated from her boyfriend one snowy Christmas Eve. After teasing him by phone she finds out that, "Yes, Kathleen, there is a Krampus," Saint Nicolas' dark

devil-like companion who punishes the wicked while the saint is out rewarding the good. She's returned to her man Christmas morning with a freshly birched backside and breasts, and a gift tag tied to her right nipple. She's sore, but wiser, and ready for a passionate reconciliation.

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Gift of the Krampus III- A man finds the opportunity to cheat on his wife and live out his fantasies at a Christmas Eve party as his wife does the same to him. All goes well until they're interrupted by an angry Krampus.

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Satire-

Ass Rammers of the Kinkydrome- Maybe not exactly what you're expecting, this is a short satire poking fun at some of the less subtle adult oriented fiction out there. It should bring a few smiles, and you might find something between the lines as well.

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Ass Rammers II- Ram to Kill- Master Ass Rammer Alex Rimmen's agent is killed, and it's up to Alex to get revenge the only way he knows how.

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About the author

J. Manque is a writer based near San Francisco, California. He's currently working on a million word magnum opus about life and politics in the 1990s. It will likely be released as three or four novels. The first, tentatively entitled *Love on Concrete*, is scheduled for release in print and eBook form soon. Here's a brief synopsis-

In the late summer of 1994 an act of civil disobedience triggers a chance meeting between an amateur dominatrix and an IT specialist, resulting in an intense psychological wrestling match that mirrors the politics of change of the mid 1990s. It ends with a torrid confrontation in a rundown motel in Reno's dirty heat hours before the 'Republican Revolution' changes America in ways that are still echoing through the world today. In between the two explore the dark shadows of the human psyche reflected in aspects of sexuality never discussed among friends, but always lurking just out of sight in a dark world of sodium vapor lights and diesel choked streets- in short, our world.

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